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Dane Beauchamp

• Whom do you belong to, little girl?



KATEY'S VOYAGE.



The Swallow.

London:

GROOMBRIDGE & SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW.

ЛЕДАНОВ ЗИСТАН



Katey's Voyage.

IT is a fine evening in autumn, and little Katey is standing at her father's door, near the quay, at Douglas, Isle of Man. The steam packet is just going to sail for England, and a great many people are hurrying by to go on board. Porters are carrying heavy boxes, and hampers, and trunks, and sacks to the custom house, near the end of the quay, that the custom house officers may look in to see that no passenger is taking anything away with him that he ought not. And in the midst of all this bustle Katey is looking on. She can see the red chimney of the steam packet in the distance, and she is just wishing that she was going to England too, for she has never been off the quiet little island ; and she thinks that great big England, with its large towns and many people,

must be a wonderful place. She would at least try to get on board for a little while before the vessel sailed.

So little Katey, not considering what a wrong thing she is going to do, runs into the house for her every-day bonnet, which she knows she shall find hung on a peg of the hat stand. But first she peeps into the parlour, where her mama is nursing the baby to sleep, and her papa reading; both of them believing that Katey is with Ann, the maid, in the kitchen, helping to wipe apples, to keep through the winter: ~~and indeed, if Ann had been a thoughtful good servant, what we are about to relate would never have happened.~~ But Ann chose to slip out to a friend in the yard, leaving Katey to wipe the apples by herself; and then it was that the little girl, growing tired of her employment, walked unobserved upstairs, and opening the street door, stood gazing on the passers-by ~~as we have seen.~~

Katey's papa and mama did not perceive her curly head peeping in at the parlour door. So she put on her bonnet and ran out, tying the strings as well as she could as she hurried along the quay with the crowd.

No one noticed her ; for how could they suppose that such a little girl could be going, all alone, into a large steam packet full of passengers, and fish, and cattle, and rough sailors !

Katey on board the packet ! What a bustle there is on Douglas quay ! How the passengers and porters bustle and push each other as they haste to the narrow gangway of the steamer and down the stairs to the deck ! A policeman tries to keep them in order, while they pass him, one by one, from the shore ; but he has hard work of it, for there are many going, and the evening is so very fine that every one is full of spirits.

Our friend Katey slipt quietly on board the packet behind a decent countrywoman ; and as the little girl was dressed in her checked pinafore, printed frock, and common bonnet, every one took her to be the countrywoman's child. And when she was once on board, she kept so still, looking about her, and everybody else was so busy, that no one took any notice of her whatever.

' But was she not afraid ? ' asks a little reader. No, my dear, not yet. The scene

KATEY'S VOYAGE.

was so strange and new, that she felt nothing but astonishment for many minutes. She had got close by the luggage, where it was being piled on a heap near the boiler, and was watching the sailors in the other part of the vessel, called the steerage. They were as busy as so many bees,—clearing the deck, rolling the great barrels of fish into their proper places, mopping up the wet and dirt, coiling the ropes out of the way of the passengers, and placing benches for them to sit upon. After a while the countrywoman went and sat upon one of these with some other women and a man, and Katey was going to sit down too, for she was tired or standing, when she happened to catch sight of two very pretty little calves in a stall under the gangway. They looked very much frightened, and Katey pitied them exceedingly. So she ran to them, and began stroking and talking to them ; and so busily was she thus occupied, that she never noticed the ringing of the bell that summoned ashore all the people who did not intend sailing to England, but had only come on board the steam packet to bid farewell to their friends. Ring, ring, ring, ting, ting, ting, went the bell, louder

KATEY'S VOYAGE.

and louder, and still Katey took no notice of it, her whole attention being given to soothing the patient little calves, and patting their pretty red heads. The vessel was cleared, the bell ceased to ring, the engine began to make the paddles spin round and round, the pier with its crowded edge passed rapidly by, and little Katey was on the open sea, sailing away with a fair breeze to England.

THE ALARM.

WHAT will you do now, little Katey ? and your poor father and mother, Katey, what are *they* doing ? They missed their little daughter a quarter of an hour ago, and after making vain inquiries of the servant Ann, can only learn that she last saw her young mistress in the kitchen, busy with the rosy apples. They search every corner of the house. Then the anxious father turns his hopes in another direction, and sending the servant one way, himself goes another, to ask all the neighbours whether they have seen little Katey. They return seriously

alarmed, for no one has seen her; and the heart-sick mother searches the house once more,—and this time in the most unlikely places,—with a despairing hope of finding her darling—stout little girl as she is—fast asleep in some drawer or box! Vain hope! poor mother's heart! It is now quite dark, and early people are going to bed, when a neighbour steps in to say, with eager, half-frightened face, that John Quail, a poor half-witted boy, saw Miss Katey running along the quay in her bonnet and pinafore. If John Quail had *not* been a poor half-witted fellow, he would also have told that it was just before the steam packet sailed, and then the sorrowful parents would have had a clue to the whereabouts of their missing little one. But as he omits to say that, and they enquire in vain of the old sailors still idling about the quay, a dreadful fear seizes upon them; they scarcely dare to whisper it to themselves,—can their dear child have fallen over the quay into the dark green waters below?



THE VOYAGE.

THE vessel rode on ; the waves foamed and swelled, ~~and dashed off into spray.~~ The moon came from behind a cloud, and one of her beams ~~darted beneath the gangway of the Sxallow—for so was the steam packet named—and fell on the brow and curling tresses of a sleeping child.~~

‘ I say, Jem, saw you ever the like ? ’

Jem, the sailor, came round the gangway stairs at this rough summons from his mate, who was standing looking at the stall where the calves were confined.

‘ What is it ? ’ enquired Jem.

‘ Why, don’t you see that little curly head in the corner with the calves ? ’

Jem looked closer, and there indeed, revealed by the moonlight, lay the weary, sorrowful form of our poor little Katey. Her bonnet had fallen off, and she was in a sound slumber. She had wept herself to sleep.

Katey had not understood her real position until, having patted the calves to her heart’s content, she was roused by the quietness succeeding to the bustle that had failed to

attract her attention. Running then to the side of the steam packet,—for the sea was calm, and the vessel rode smoothly as yet, and people could walk steadily on the deck,—she observed with dismay that the quay, and the town, and her own dear home, and the very shores of her native island were almost out of sight.

Her first impulse was to scream aloud; but Katey was a shy child, and when she looked around, and saw the number of strange faces on board, she dared not scream. So she hurried back to the calves, who appeared to be her only friends, and after looking at them awhile with eyes dim with tears, she crept quietly into the stall, and hid herself in its darkest corner, where the little lost child cried until she could cry no longer, as she thought of her dear papa and mama, and her sweet little baby-brother, whom she thought she should never see again. *Now* she knew what a foolish child she had been, and would have given all the world to be in her own snug little bed, with her kind mama bending over her pillow to bestow the good-night kiss. In the midst of her sad thoughts and trouble she fell asleep; and after dreaming

that she was drowning in Douglas bay, and that she saw her papa and mama stretching out their arms in vain to save her, she slept until discovered by the two sailors, as we have already seen.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

DEAR me!' exclaimed the captain, when Jem and his friend, having awakened Katey, presented her before him, and told him how they had found her, and that she was quite alone,—‘dear me! what? come on board by yourself! Whom do you belong to, little girl? What's your name?’

‘Katey,’ sobbed the child.

‘And who is your father, my dear?’

‘My father is Philip Hanson.’

‘I know him,’ said one of the men. ‘He lives at Douglas, just off the quay.’

‘I know him too. I've bought goods at his warehouse,’ observed a lady; for all the passengers had pressed to the division between the steerage and fore cabin, to see the

poor child, who looked so lost and bewildered, and sobbed so bitterly.

'What shall I do with her?' enquired the captain, in dismay; 'I have nowhere to take her to till the vessel sails again.'

'Captain,' said the lady who had spoken before, 'will you trust her with me? I will take her to my house in Liverpool until the return of the packet.'

'What do you say, my dear,' asked the captain, of the little girl; 'you see, I can't put about and convey you home now, and you will not be able to return till Friday. Will you go with this kind lady?'

Looking up through her tears, Katey met the gaze of the pleasant motherly face that smiled so kindly upon her. 'Yes,' she replied softly, 'I will go.'

The lady drew her to her side, and began to converse with her; and the little girl had soon acquainted her new friend with the history of her thoughtless flight from home, of her repentance and misery. Then the lady spoke very gently to her, and told her how she would take her to visit her own little children at their home in Liverpool until she

could place her beneath the care of the good captain to return to the Isle of Man.

After a while Katey became very sick, for by this time the packet was out in the open sea, quite out of sight of land; and then, oh! how she wished more than ever that she had not been so silly as to leave her dear parents and her pleasant home. But the kind lady, whose name was Mrs. Stephens, took great care of her, laying her down gently on a sofa in the saloon, and bathing her forehead with eau de Cologne, until, at length, she fell into a troubled sleep.

KATEY ARRIVES IN LIVERPOOL.

WHAT a bustle, what a hurrying of immense waggons and huge drays, of coaches and carriages, and people. Surely some unusual occurrence has drawn the crowd together; the streets cannot always be so busy? Katey had never seen so many people in her life before.

The coach rattles along, and comes into a more quiet part of the town. At length they reach Rodney Street: Katey's friend

points out the name, and tells her that they will be at home immediately. The street looks dull after the bustle they have passed through ; but Katey is glad of the quietness, for her little brain was beginning to turn. The coachman draws up before a row of genteel houses. Two rosy children come skipping down the steps of the door opposite which the coach stopped. ‘Mama! mama!’ they cry in the gladness of their hearts ; and mama, having left the coachman and the luggage to the care of the housemaid, tenderly embraces her dear ones, and then introduces Katey, still in her straw bonnet and pinafore, and wofully tumbled and dirty after her sea adventures.

‘Now, my dear,’ said Mrs. Stephens to Katey, when she had a little recovered her recollection, ‘you shall go upstairs with Sarah, the housemaid, and Emma and Grace shall go with you. Emma dear, you and Katey are nearly the same size. Do you think we can select a set of your clean clothes for her? While they are airing, Sarah will help her to wash, and brush her hair, and assist her to dress.’

Emma was delighted with the task assigned

her, and the three children went off together.



How pleasant our little truant Manx girl looked, when she came down again, clean and rosy, with her hair nicely brushed, and one of Emma's pretty gingham frocks on!

It was two days before the packet would sail on its return to the Isle of Man. Mrs. Stephens was extremely anxious to send a letter to Katey's parents, for she knew how miserable they must be; but there was no other vessel sailing to the isle except that which would take back Katey herself, the

best comfort. So there was nothing for it but patience ; and Katey endeavoured to amuse herself with her new playmates, though not without sending many a sorrowful thought across the sea to that dear home where fond despiring hearts almost gave her up as dead.

KATEY'S RETURN.

KATEY remained two whole days with her friends, Mrs. Stephens, and Emma and Grace, and on the third the packet was to sail. So Mrs. Stephens ordered a coach, and she and her two little daughters, with Katey, drove down to the Clarence dock, where the Swallow, easily to be distinguished from the other vessels by its tall red chimney, was preparing for the voyage. Then Katey was taken on board, and the captain desired the stewardess to pay her every attention.

How kind the good Liverpool lady had been to her little visitor ! She had had her clothes nicely washed, and the ribbons of her bonnet smoothed, and had presented her with a nice warm cloak and gloves, that Katey

might return to her home like a respectable little girl who had been paying a regular visit to England, instead of looking like a silly little child as she was, who had run away from her home. Besides all this, Katey carried with her a pretty basket filled to the brim with biscuits, apples, figs, and such other good things, and having a tiny note at the bottom of all, written by Mrs. Stephens herself to Katey's parents, to explain what had occurred, and also to say how much pleased she should be if they would allow Katey to visit her in the spring.

The day is almost as warm as in summer; a gentle breeze just ruffles the surface of the shining waters, and waves the brown curls of our friend Katey, who is standing on the deck of the Swallow, eagerly gazing in the direction where she expects to catch the first glimpse of her native isle. She was sitting on deck in the course of the afternoon, eating a biscuit, for she began to feel hungry, when the captain tapped her on the shoulder.

'Well, my little maid,' said he, kindly, 'would you like a peep at the shores of lovely Manx?' meaning the Isle of Man.

'Oh yes!' and Katey jumped and clapped her hands; 'Oh yes, sir. Are we near? do show me!'

The captain led her to the forepart of the vessel, where he mounted her on a large cask.

'Do you see that cloud in the distance, just on the edge of the waves?'

Katey looked very hard, and at length discerned what indeed appeared only like a dim haze, but which, the captain assured her, was one of the precipitous hills of the Isle of Man. There was no hunger after this; she could not eat a single mouthful, her little heart was too full as she thought of the near meeting with her beloved parents.



THE JOYFUL MEETING.

IT is six o'clock in the evening; the sun is throwing his level rays across the white-washed houses, the glittering bay, and picturesque rocks of Douglas. The quay is crowded with people, who are waiting to welcome their friends and relatives, expected by the Swallow. And now the good old packet comes slowly in sight, seen first by the smoke from her tall chimney. Nearer and nearer she draws; the captain mounts the gangway to issue his final orders; the seamen are all busy aiding her entrance into port. Katey, her cheeks flushed with excitement, her heart beating rapidly, is mounted on the cask wondering if it be possible that her parents guess where she has been, and are there to meet her. But no! as the vessel passes along the quay, friendly faces smile upon their acquaintances on board, and hats are waved and hands are held out, but no one is waiting for poor little Katey. Yet, as she continues to gaze, she sees one or two whom she knows, after lifting up their hands and

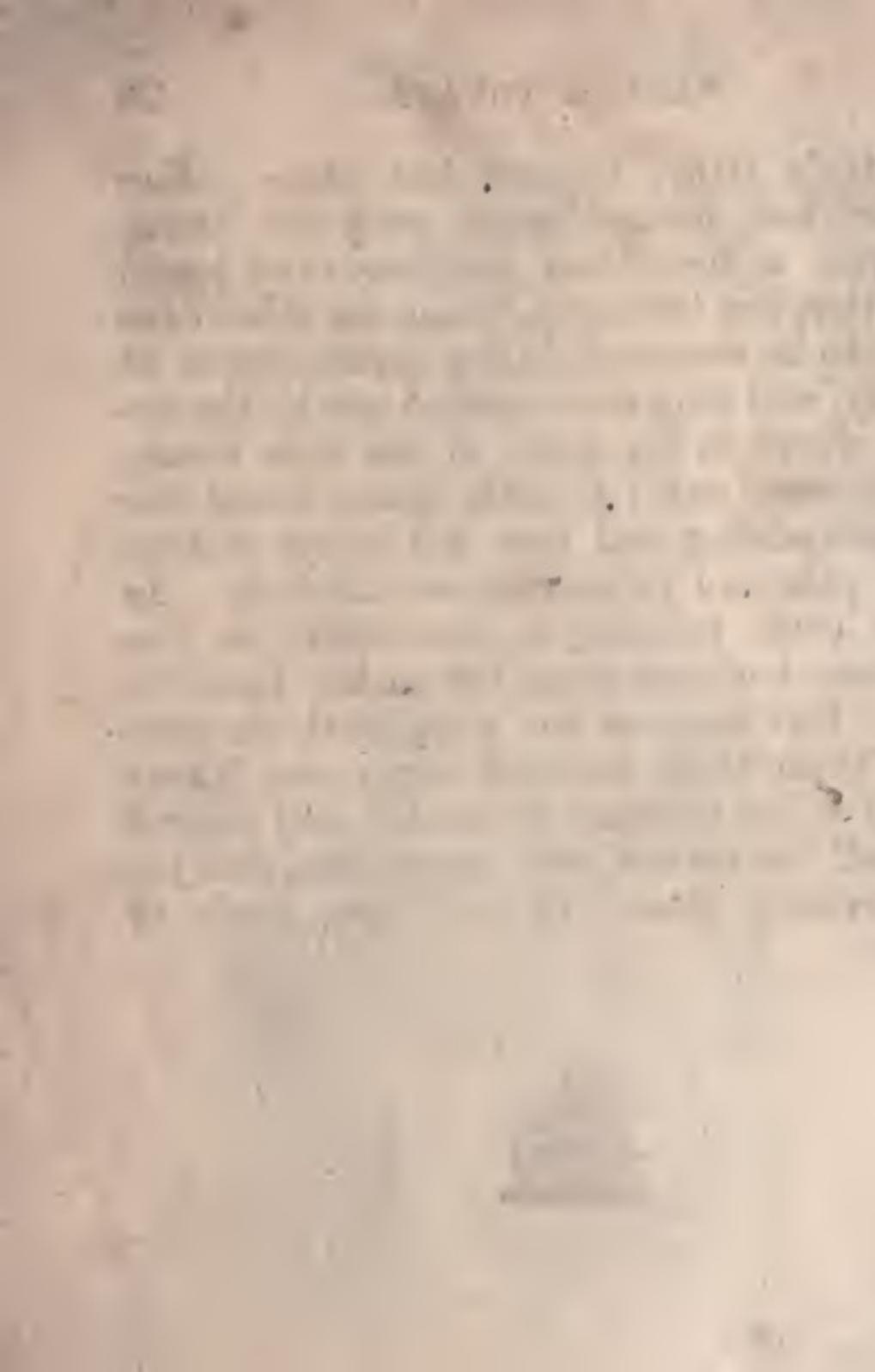
eyes wonderingly, break away and run as hard as they can in the direction of her father's house. And before the vessel quite stops, she sees her dear papa, pale and agitated waiting impatiently until he can pass on the boat, and embrace his dear little girl once more.

'Your mother, my own darling, your poor mother is very ill. Oh! Katey how could you grieve us so?'



Katey's father hurried her home. Her mother had fainted quite away on learning from a breathless neighbour the joyful news that her little girl, whom she almost believed to be drowned in the green waters of the bay, and long since carried out by the retiring waves to her grave in the wide ocean, had returned safe ; so little Katey found her poor despairing, and now too happy mother lying, pale and exhausted, on the sofa. As Katey came running in, she strove to rise and meet her, and press her to her thankful heart. But she was too weak with the misery of those three dreadful days ; and Katey rushed to her embrace as she lay, and poured forth all her sorrow, and repentance, and joy at returning home, in one long gush of tears.





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